

SEIS CIRUELAS

Por el Dr. Bungalou Lumbago A'tresbandas. Dr. En
Pataphysica. © 8492 desde el reinado del Padre Úbú_2017vulg

I know what death is, I know his black adress, I know
her teeths, I know what death is beneath a
cathedral of pigs like the empty pleasures around
the trees

I kneeeeeeeew what creempy death was, his swallow
sunrises, her atom ankle boots...disease that grows
up gently, yellow fingers in a party roar

I know, I know what death was, inside your
umbrellas out of the knocks, as death begins like
cavities in the kidneys, waterproof worms, memories
and cries...

Shouts!

...like all the unknown forms